



## Corncrakes

Not one among the rushes  
 None in the meadows  
 None where the farmer dropped to his knees  
 Lamenting the crumpled nest its requiem  
     wringing his hands  
     like a chaplain  
     bringing bad news  
     to the door  
     in the night time  
*Them's rare wee things – them's rare!*  
     ... and rarer still  
     the small clutch  
     a universe among the rushes  
 Small planets grounded in troubled heavens.  
 These scragplings scurry in frantic sorties  
 To grub in the undergrowth  
     amongst the brackens.  
 It is the night, it is the stars impress  
 Africa, Africa, Africa  
 Opening the night  
     terra incognita –  
 There is no way  
     only opening the night

Listen, first intently;  
     closely – no further than at arms length  
     and then, when everything is detailed,  
     clocked & inventoried & only then,  
     double the circle  
 Listen, double the circle, Listen  
     sense unreachable places,  
     calm places at the eye

of hurricanes.  
Flee your fever  
and with unholy impetus  
hurl  
Into the nomadic sky,  
into severe places  
into unspeakable theatres of ablation,  
Into mystery, uncertainty, doubt,  
and tell everything  
when  
you  
return.

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